

Asking Alexandria, A Prophecy

How stubborn are the scars when they won't fade away?
Or just a gentle reminder that now are better days?
We'll be home soon so dry your eyes
You'll be okay
Oh my god
The water is rising
You just have to believe in me
Failing that I'll ride this storm alone
We can still make it out
'Fuck'
I can help you through this
But you have to take my hand
I can take you home
Take my hand, take my hand
I should've known the tides were getting higher
We can still survive
They think we're drowning but our heads are still above the waves
You never said goodbye
Now you're on your own